

VOLUME XXXII.

**THE WAIL OF A SORROWING
MOTHER.**

And the pure ransomer of his sunny tower
Death to the gentle child,
Came not with whirled acquests, such as blend
The lightning with the storm, but came as mild
Above the death calm bound
The living wreck of fame,
Torn by a storm for his eye to view,
Of gladness to dead glories, and of pain
That sharpens my despair.

The glaze of earthly power
Shines as a diamond in a poet's eye,
And the land pulsed by honor's clamor storm,
Is passed unaltered by.

The loftiest seat of earth
Shines as a chartered vessel beyond the sea
That declares his humble homestead's breadth
With anguish deep and free.

Give me Thy help, oh God!
I am a lowly son of grief and tearful woe;
Teach me to bow low beneath Thy cheering rod,
And learn the way that leads to Thee.

For his dear soul, whose heart
Is galled and bleeding by the bitter stroke,
Help me to cheer his childhood pain, nor part
The cry from the oak.

Know my bright eye and soul
Is waiting in the lonely Narnian's breast;
Then know how the swelling song of joy,
The song of the world's wept words of rest.

Then come, my heart, be true,
Here be thy anchor from the storm of strife,
And may I never be untrue
To thee, my heart, my life.

1

* unknown writer initiated the program in 1955

meteor above pictured, is thus described by observer—an English gentleman:

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOE

Not is it only what Scripture says, but the
 very silence, which is instructive for us. It w
